

Ay, mother—also sleeps, in that charmed ro-
 pe-so
 That shall waken no more to earth's pains and
 woes,
 For the Savior hath gathered His lamb to His
 breast,
 Where never life's storms shall her peace mo-
 lest.
 His dear love willed not that time should trace
 One sorrowful line on that innocent face;
 Others, less favored, might suffer their share
 Of the midnight toil and the noontide glare;
 Others might labor, others might weep,
 But "the Lord giveth eye to His loved one
 sleep."

I got up to look at it, and after about an hour's fiddling about, I began to see a bit the reason why. I had my bit of dinner and tea with those people, and they forced half a crown upon me as a well, and I went back feeling like a new man, so refreshing had been that bit of work. The very next day the folks from the next house wanted me to look at theirs, and then the news spreading, a news will spread, that there was some body who could cobble and tinker machinery, without putting people to the expense that makers would, the job came in fast, so that I was obliged to get files and drills and a vice—regular set of tools by degrees; and at last I was as busy as a bee from morning to night and whistling over my work as happy as a king.

The way I've been bitten by some folks has made me that case-hardened that sometimes I've wondered whether I'd got any heart left, and the wife had to interfere, telling me I've been spoiled with prosperity and grown up feeling. It was she made me give up about Ruth, for one day, after having had my bristles all set up by finding out that those sound machines, by book-makers, had gone nobody knew where who should come into the shop but a ladylike-looking woman in very shabby widow's weeds. She wanted a machine for herself and daughter to learn, and said she had heard I would take the money by installments. Now just half an hour before, by our old shop clock, had made a vow that I'd give up all that part of the trade, and I was rough with her—just as I am when I'm cross—and said, "No."

"But you will if the lady gives security," says my wife, hastily.

The poor woman gave such a woe became long at us that it made me more out of temper than ever, for I could feel that if I stopped I should have to let her have one at her own terms. And so it was; for I let her have a first-class machine, as good as new, she only paying seven and six down, and undertaking to pay half-a-crown a week, and no more security than nothing!

"Mother," he says, suddenly, "will you go and see them?"

She didn't answer for a minute, only stood looking down at him, and then said, softly:

"They paid you the first money?"

"No," he says, hotly. "I hadn't the heart to take it."

"Then that money you paid was yours, Luke?"

"Yes, mother," he says, simply; and those two stopped looking one at the other, till the wife bent down and kissed him, holding his head afterward, for a few moments, between her hands; for she always did worship that chap, or only one; and then I closed my eyes tight, and went on breathing heavy and thinking.

For something like a new revelation had come upon me. I know Luke was five-and-twenty, and that I was fifty-four, but he always seemed like a boy to me, and here was I waking up to the fact that he was a grown man, and that he was thinking and feeling as I first thought and felt when I saw his mother, nigh upon eight-and-twenty years ago.

I lay back, thinking and telling myself I was very savage with him for deceiving me, and that I wouldn't have him and his mother laying plots together against me, and that I wouldn't stand by and see him make a fool of himself with the

reted-looking women, one of whom was in arrears to me, had sent the children that played in the court right away because of the noise, and were keeping guard so that they should not come back.

I went up the stairs softly, and all was very still, only as I got nearer to the room I could hear a bitter, wailing cry, and then I opened the door gently and went in.

Luke was there, standing with his head bent by the sewing machine; the wife sat in a chair, and on her knees, with her face buried in the wife's lap, was the poor girl, crying as if her little heart would break; while on the bed, with all the look of pain gone out of her face, lay the widow—gone to meet her husband where pain and sorrow are no more.

I couldn't see very plainly, for there was a mist like before my eyes; but I know Luke flushed up as he took a step forward, as if to protect the girl, and the wife looked at me in a frightened way.

But there was no need, for something that wasn't spoke, and that in a very gentle way, as I stepped forward, raised the girl up, and kissed her pretty face before laying her little helpless head upon my shoulder, and smoothing her soft brown hair.

"Mother," says that something from

vitions. At the same moment a strain of military music is heard below the balloon. All the clearings, where we sought in vain to discover the Federal camp, are filled by a throng coming out of the woods that surrounds them. This throng arranges itself, and forms in battalions. The music passes in front of the ranks with that peculiar march which the English call the "goose-step."

Each battalion has two flags, one with the national colors, and the other with its number and the arms of its State. These flags are dipped, the officers salute, the colonel takes command, and a moment after all the soldiers disperse; for it is not an alarm nor a pretense to march forward which has brought them thus together, but the regular evening parade.

Very Dirty.

The English colliers must be a nice set of men. At a recent meeting of a local board the question of providing public baths was raised, when one of the members said he had heard of a collier who boasted that he had not been washed all over for thirty years. Another gentleman said the colliers avoided washing, as they thought it weakened them; while still another said the men would rather pay five dollars on a dog fight than twelve cents for a bath.

who let himself be tempted." But six months pass without another person being taken in.

In the mean time the gentleman, who took the single number besieges Dumas with letters, and asks him, in pressing terms :

" When are you going to draw the lottery?"

If he meets him on the street, he calls to him from afar :

" Will the lottery be drawn soon?"

Tired of waiting, and in order to get rid of the troublesome man, Dumas takes the other fourteen tickets, which gives him forty-nine out of the fifty. He then proceeds to draw the lottery, and, to cap the climax, it is the gentleman with the one ticket who draws the picture.

Profiting by Grasshoppers.

Minnesota citizens are making profit out of their adversity. In one of the counties of that State, where the authorities offered a generous prize per bushel for grasshoppers, the inhabitants roasted the insects, thereby doubling their size and the reward. They also went into the neighboring counties where no reward was paid and imported an immense stock, for which, when duly increased by roasting, they were paid from the funds of their own county.

is rejected. The boxes are then securely covered, strapped, and marked with the brand of the grower, when they are ready for shipment. Twenty years ago this trade was nothing in its commercial characteristics, or the inducements it offered to capitalists. Now it is progressing with giant strides into prominence, and is a considerable source of revenue to the government.

Why 'Twasn't a Good Likeness.

A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude, standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and some of his clients went to see it. Everybody said:

"Oh, how much it is like him! It is the very picture of him!"

One former, who happened to be present, thought differently:

"That'n a bit like him!"

"Tain't, eh?" said half a dozen at once; "just show us wherein it is not a capital likeness."

"Wal, 'tain't; no use talkin', I tell you 'tain't!"

"Well, why? Can't you tell us why it ain't a good likeness?"

"Yes, easy enough. Don't you see he has put his hand in his own pocket? 'Twoud be as good ag'in if he had it in somebody else's!"

distance could not vary from the truth more than its three-hundredth part. Quite recently, however, astronomers have been led, by various considerations, to regard the distance as somewhat too great, and hence the results of the observations in December, 1874, with the improved instruments of modern construction, have been looked for with a lively interest. The discussion of these observations has not yet been completed. It is known, however, that the resulting value of the sun's horizontal parallax could not differ materially from eight seconds and eighty-seven hundredths of a second. This corresponds to a mean distance of 91,875,000 miles. We are therefore, nearer to the sun by 3,423,000 miles than was believed but a few years since. The distances of the other planets are to be diminished in a corresponding ratio—the reduction in the case of Neptune, the most remote amounting to no less than 100,000,000 miles.

STOLEN LETTERS. — A Marblehead (Mass.) correspondent of the Boston *News* charges that fifteen hundred and ninety-eight letters sent to his address have been stolen by some one in the Boston post-office during the past five months, and estimates his loss thereat at over \$2,000 a year.